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Short Stories for Little Folks



CATHERINE T. BRYCE

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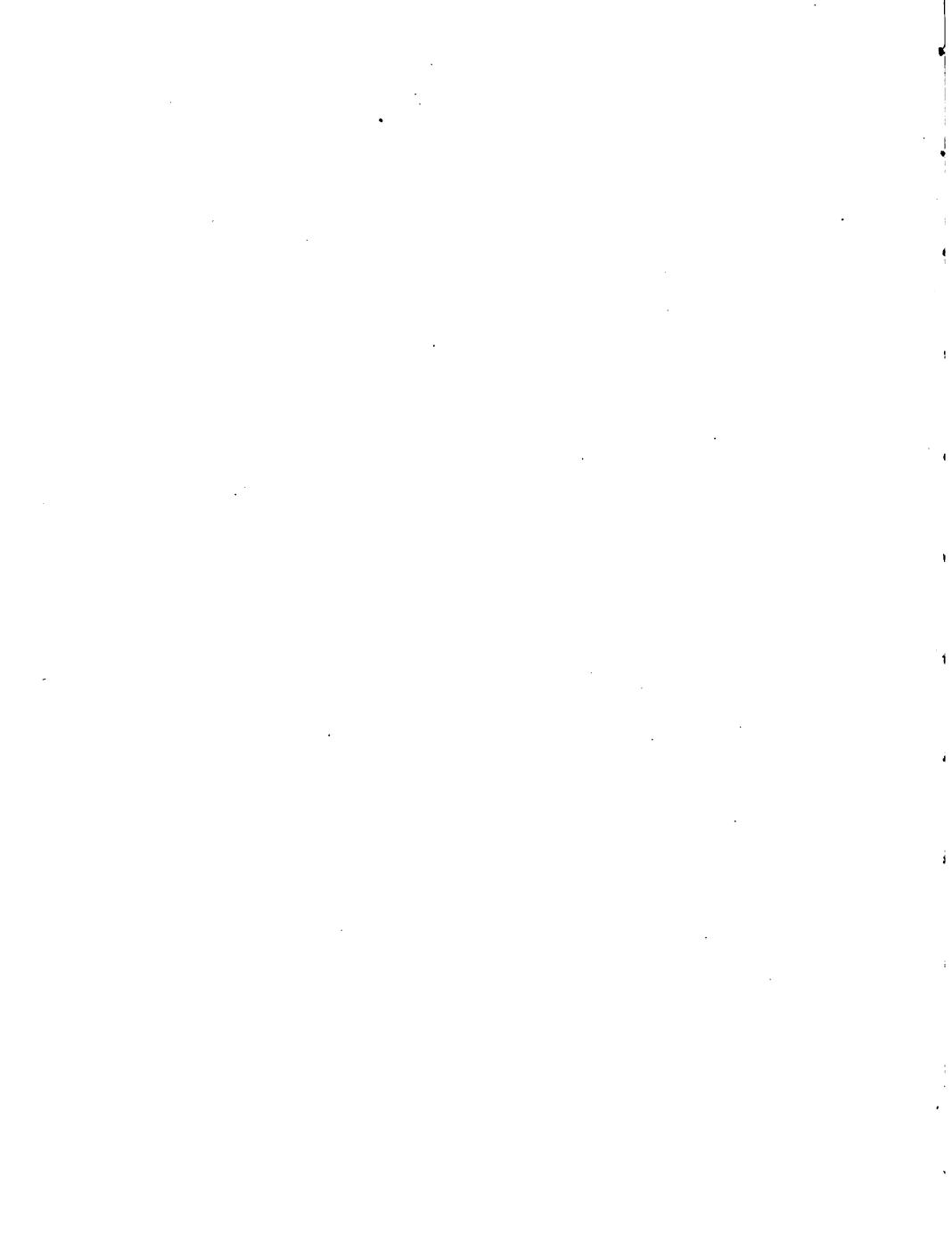
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SHORT STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

BY

CATHERINE T. BRYCE



NEW YORK
NEWSON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION

WHILE this little book of stories may be used as a supplementary first or second reader with any method, it is especially planned as a supplementary reader to be used with the "Aldine First Reader": Chapter I of this book to be read after the pupils have completed the first three chapters in the "Aldine First Reader," and read while the pupils are studying Chapter IV of the "Aldine First Reader"; the second chapter may be used as supplementary reading while the pupils are mastering the last chapter in the "Aldine First Reader"; the remaining chapters of this book are to be read after the children have completed the "Aldine First Reader."

In addition to the words used in the "Aldine First Reader," about seventy new words are introduced into this book. These words will be readily mastered, as they are generally either the names of characters in the stories or purely phonetic words, many of which have occurred

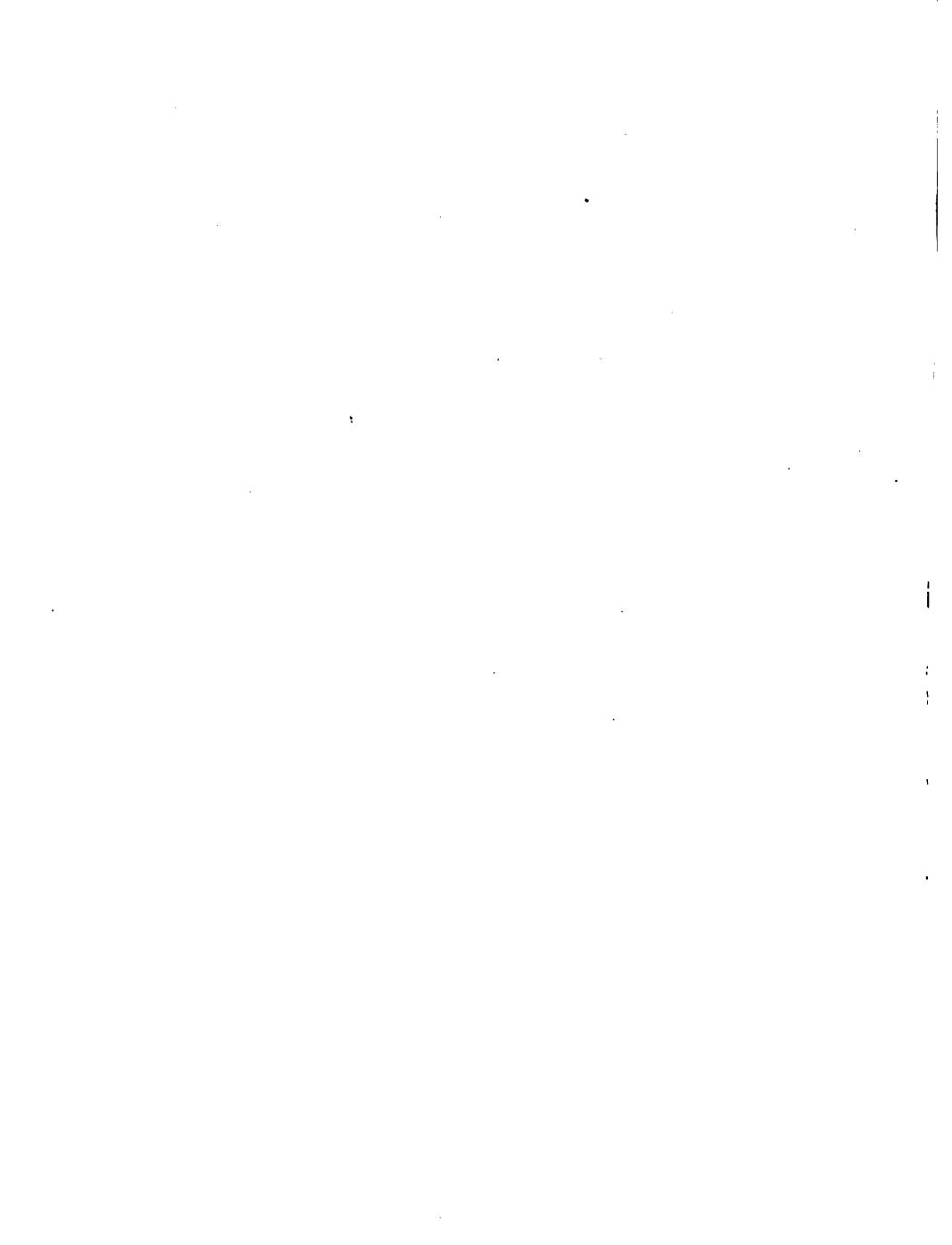
in the phonetic series already studied. In all cases the words are repeated so frequently that pupils can hardly fail to master them with little or no formal drill. For these reasons, a list of the new words has not been given at the top of each story.

The stories in this book all contain much conversation,—a real aid in securing expressive reading. In writing and adapting the material, stories have been selected that may be readily dramatized by the children.

In short, the object has been to give the children an easy reader containing interesting, complete stories that can be read and enjoyed with little or no mechanical word drill.

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A NIGHT WITH SANTA CLAUS







It was just before Christmas.
Santa Claus had been busy for a long
time.

Indeed, he had been busy all the year.
And now he was still busy.
Just think of all he had to do!
“There are so many, many boys and
girls,” he said.

“And they all want Santa Claus to
come to their homes.

“And I like to go, for I love the girls
and boys.”

"Yes," said Mrs. Santa Claus, "you do love them all.

"I think you are just as happy at Christmas time as they are."

"Indeed I am," answered dear old Santa.

"What would they do without me?

"Who brings them the good things at Christmas?

"Who but Santa Claus?

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Santa Claus, the boys and the girls all love me."



"Listen!" said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"What is that I hear?"

"Why, Mrs. Santa Claus!
Just listen!"

"Now, do you know what it is?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"I hear sleigh bells."





"It must be time for me to go," said Santa.

"I will run out and feed my reindeer.
They have a long way to go to-night.
When I come back we will get all
the good things into the sleigh."

SANTA CLAUS'S SLEIGH

“My!” said Santa Claus, “it is a cold night.

“Hark! do you hear the wind?

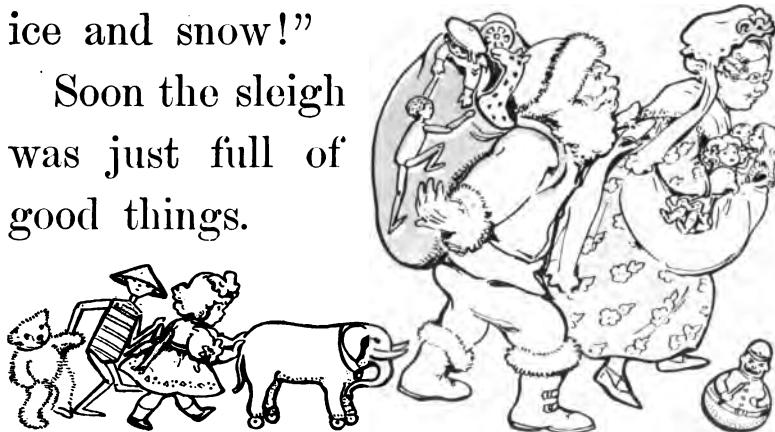
“Come quick, Mrs. Santa Claus.

“We must get all these things into the sleigh,

“Then off to the world I go.

“How my reindeer will rush over the ice and snow!”

Soon the sleigh
was just full of
good things.



Then away ran the reindeer.
Down, down to the world they went.



“Good-by, Mrs. Santa Claus,” said Santa.

“I will be back in time
for Christmas breakfast.”

“Good-by,” said Mrs. Santa Claus.

“Now for the chimneys!” said Santa Claus.

“The boys and girls are all asleep in bed.



“But their stockings will be hung
before the fireplaces.

“Down the chimneys I will go.

“All the stockings will be full in the
morning.

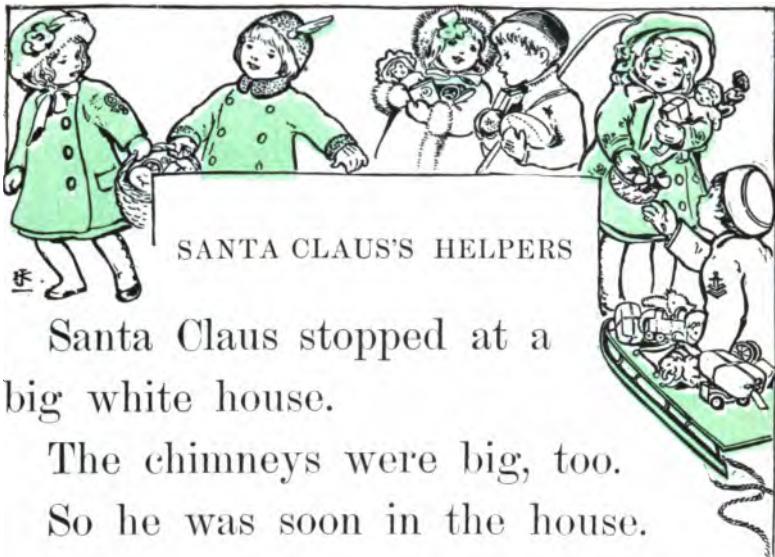
“Then what happy boys and girls
there will be.



“Away, away, my
little reindeer!

“There are many, many
stockings in the world to-night.

“And we must fill them
all before morning.”



SANTA CLAUS'S HELPERS

Santa Claus stopped at a
big white house.

The chimneys were big, too.

So he was soon in the house.

A bright fire made a good light.

Santa looked around.

He saw so many playthings.

There were dolls and tops and sleds
and books.

I cannot tell you all the things he saw.

“My!” said Santa Claus.

“The children in this house seem to have all the toys they want.

“What can I give them?

“Let me think! Yes, that is just what I will do.

“I will give them something to do for others.

“I will write a letter and tell them how they can help me.”

Would you like to see the letter?

Here it is.

“My dear children:—

“Do you want to be happy on Christmas Day?

“Will you do something for me?

“I have many stockings to fill.

“ Sometimes I do not see all the houses.

“ So I shall leave some toys here.

“ On Christmas morning you will see them.

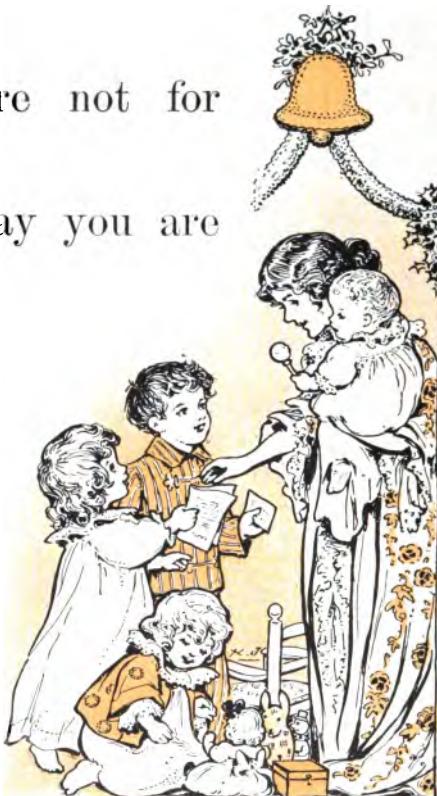
“ But they are not for you.

“ Will you play you are Santa Claus ?

“ Will you take them to some poor children ?

“ This will make the poor children glad.

“ It will make me very happy.



“And you will be happy, too.

“A very Merry Christmas from

“Santa Claus.”

“There,” said Santa Claus, “that is the best Christmas for these children.”

And Santa Claus was right.

The children were glad to play Santa Claus.

They took the toys to some poor children.



How happy the poor little ones were! This was their first happy Christmas.

The little Santa Clauses were happy, too.

On Christmas night they said, “Mother, this is the best Christmas we have had.”

SANTA CLAUS'S PRESENT



Tom. Are you going to hang up your stocking to-night, Jack?

Jack. Yes, indeed! Aren't you?

Tom. Yes, but—

Jack. But what?

Tom. For many years Santa Claus has been bringing presents to us.

Jack. Yes, that is so.

Tom. He always brings us something.

Jack. Yes, always.

Tom. Did he ever forget you?

Jack. No; but why do you ask?

Tom. Oh, I have been thinking of something.

Jack. What have you been thinking?

Tom. I think it is time we gave Santa Claus something.

Jack. Time we gave Santa Claus something! What?

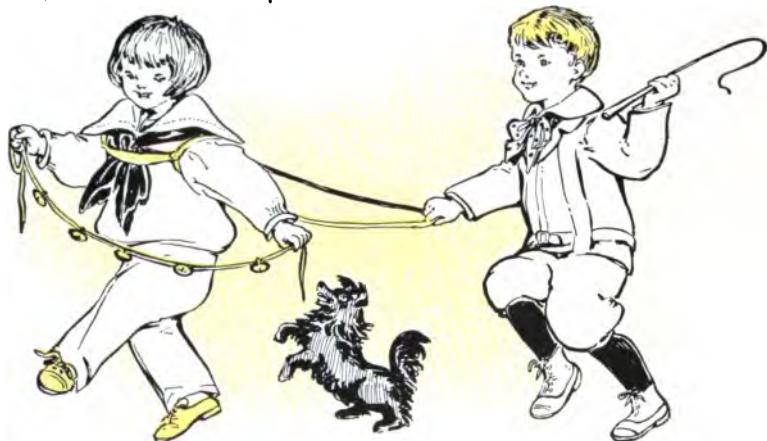
Tom. Just this,—a Christmas present.

Jack. A Christmas present for Santa Claus! Good!

Tom. That is just what I think. He should have a good Christmas present.

Jack. But what, Tom? Can you think of something good?

Tom. Yes, I think he would like some new bells.



Jack. What would he do with bells?

Tom. Why, bells for his sleigh!

Jack. Yes, indeed! Why didn't I think of that?



Tom. And let us get some new bells
for his reindeer, too.

Jack. Good! good! Come right away
and get them.

Tom. We will hang the bells by our
stockings. We will write a letter and
leave it for him.

Jack. What will you say in the letter?

Tom. I shall say,

“ Dear Santa Claus : —

“ You have been very kind to us for
a long time.

“You always give us Christmas presents.

“This year we want to do something for you.

“So we give you these bells with our love.

“Some are for your sleigh.

“The others are for your reindeer.

“We wish you a Merry Christmas.

“Your friends,

“Tom and Jack.”

Jack. Good! good! I know he will be glad.

I am glad, too, that we can do something for dear old Santa Claus.

A VISIT TO MOTHER GOOSE



Once the
reindeer stopped
on top of a big, big
house.

Down the chimney Santa crept,—
O so quietly!

He was soon standing before a big fireplace.

"Dear me," said Santa Claus, "how many children must live in this house!"

"Just see all the stockings!"

"I would like to know who lives here."

"I do," said a sweet voice.

Santa Claus turned around.

There was dear old Mother Goose.

"Yes," she said, "I live here with all my children."

"Do you see that little blue stocking?"

"That belongs to my smallest child, Little Boy Blue."



“ You know him, do you not ? ”

“ Yes,” said Santa, “ he is the boy who let the sheep go into the meadow.

“ What does he want ? ”



“ He wants a new blue horn.”

“ Here it is ; who comes next ? ”

“ The next stocking belongs to Bo-Peep.”

“ Oh, I know her.



‘Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep.’”

“Yes, and she wants some new sheep,” said Mother Goose.

“Here they are; into the stocking you go, little white sheep. What next?”

“That stocking belongs to little Jack Horner.

“You have heard about him, I think.”

“Indeed I have.

‘Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.’

“I think I know what he wants.

“I will put this big Christmas pie here for him.”



It took Santa Claus a long time to fill all Mother Goose's children's stockings. He never could have done it alone. Mother Goose helped him.

And at last all were full up to the top.

“Thank you, Mother Goose,” said Santa; “you have been a good helper.”

“I am glad I helped you,” said Mother Goose.

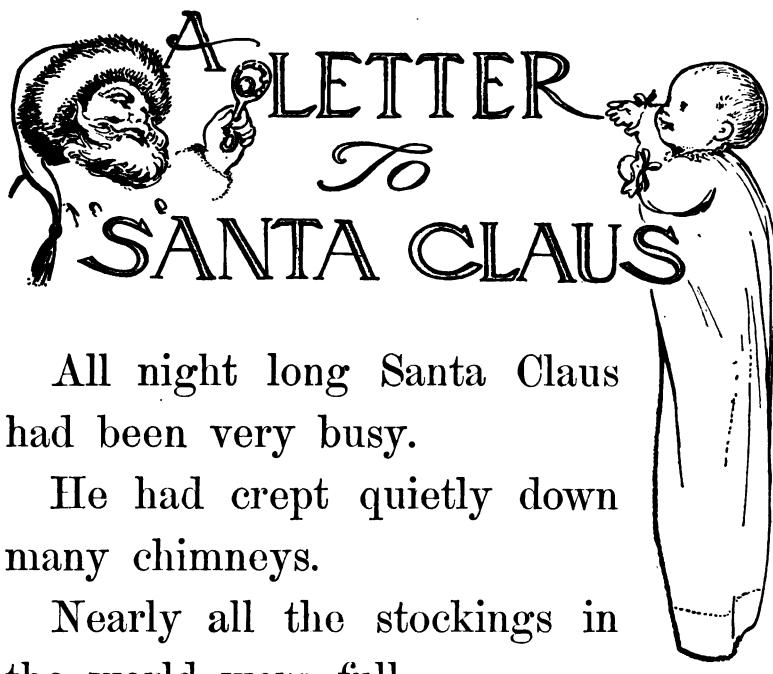
“I know how pleased all my children will be in the morning.

“I wish you could see them when they look into their stockings.

“I thank you, good Santa Claus, and wish you a Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas, dear Mother Goose,” said Santa.

Then up the chimney and away he went!



All night long Santa Claus
had been very busy.

He had crept quietly down
many chimneys.

Nearly all the stockings in
the world were full.

At last he came to a very little house.

Down the chimney he went.

"I have not been in this house be-
fore," said Santa.

"Let me see! Are there no stockings here?"

Santa looked all around.

"Yes, here are two. Just see this little one close to the chimney."

"What a tiny stocking it is!"

"It must belong to a very tiny baby."



"Why, what is this in the stocking?"

"A letter! Let me see what it says."

Santa took the letter from the stocking.

Would you like to hear what it said?

Well, listen.

“Dear Santa Claus:—

“This stocking belongs to our new baby.

“He is just three days old.

“I hung his stocking here because I love him.

“Dear Santa, do leave him a nice, warm hood.

“And, Santa Claus, I would like a red sled.

“I would like a horn, too.

“I think I want a blue horn.

“Then I can be Little Boy Blue.

“Good-by, dear Santa Claus.

“With love from Tom.”

“Good!” said Santa Claus.

“Here is the hood for baby.

“Here is the red sled for Tom.

“And here is a blue horn.

“Now I have filled all the stockings
in the world.”

Up the chimney went Santa Claus.

Into his sleigh he jumped.

“Away, away, my little reindeer!”
he called.

“Back to Mrs. Santa Claus and break-
fast.

“I know all the children will be happy
to-day.”



IN GARDEN AND WOODLAND







THE LITTLE ACORN

A tiny acorn grew on a high bough
of an old oak tree.

All summer it grew there.

The old oak was good to her baby
acorn, for she loved her dearly.

But the acorn did not love the old
tree.

"I want to leave this old bough,"
she said.

"Are you not safe on your high
bough?" asked the old tree.

“Yes, but I do not want to stay here,” said the little acorn.

“I want to go away.

“I want to play with the birds.

“I want to go to the ground.”

“Stay on the bough a little longer,” said the old oak.

“No, no! I want to go to the ground now,” said the little acorn.

“Go to the ground?” said the old tree.

“Do you want the squirrel to get you for breakfast?

“Stay where you are, my little acorn.”

But the acorn could not be glad.

“I am tired of this old tree,” she said.



"There is no one to play with me."

"I will sing to you, little acorn," said
a bird.

The bird made sweetest music for the
acorn.

"Go away, bird!" she said.

"I do not like your singing."

The little bird flew away.

“I am cold, so cold,” said the acorn.
The bright sun looked out.
He loved the little acorn.
“I will warm her,” he said.
So the bright sunshine came to the
tree.

The little acorn grew warm.
“Go away!” she said.
“I am too warm.
“I am melting.”
The sunshine went away.
“I am so warm!” said the little acorn.
“I will make shade for you,” said
the leaves.
“I do not want your shade,” said the
acorn.

“Go away!”

Then night came.

The little stars looked down on the acorn.

“Look up, little acorn,” they said.

“See how brightly we are shining.

“Are you not glad to see us?”

But the acorn said, “No, I am not glad!

“Go away!”

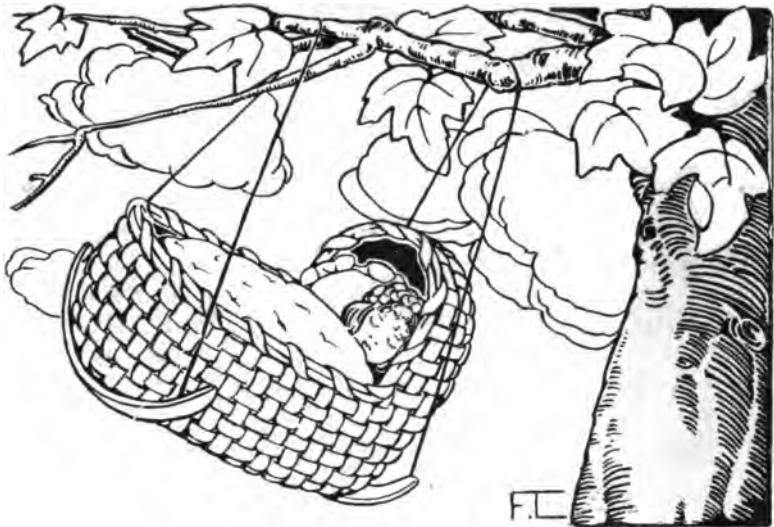
So the little stars went to sleep.

Along came the wind.

He swayed the boughs on the tree-top.

“Go to sleep, little acorn,” he said.

“I will sing you a sweet song.



“I will rock you to sleep.
“Rock-a-by, acorn, on the treetop,
When the wind blows, the acorn
will rock,
When the bough —”
“Stop, stop!” said the acorn.
“I do not want to be rocked.

“I do not like your song.
“Go away, you old wind!
“I do not like you.”
The wind did not like to hear the
acorn say this.
So he blew a loud blast.
“Oo-oo-oo!” he blew.
“You do not like my sweet song!
“How do you like this loud one?
“Oo-oo-oo-oo!
“You do not like me!
“Then I will not like you!
“I will break you from your high
bough.”

Again he blew and again!
“Oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo!”

Down came the little acorn — down,
down, down to the ground.

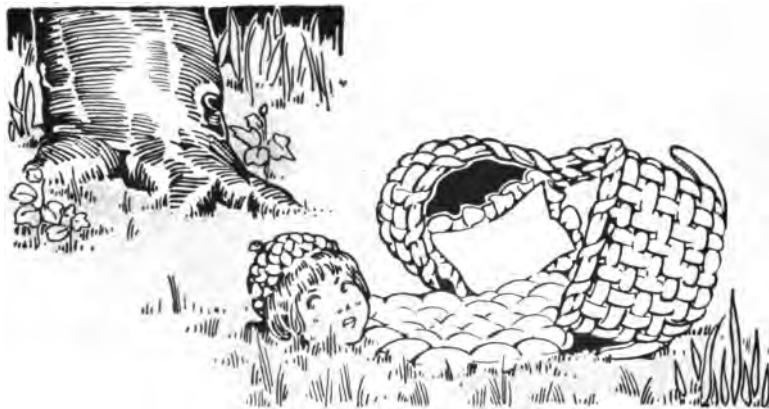
“I do not want to go to the ground!”
she called.

“I want to stay on my good old
mother tree.”

But she could not stay.

All night she rested on the ground.

In the morning some one found her.



Do you know who it was?
Yes, it was an old squirrel.
He took her to his nest in the old
oak tree.

And that was the last of the little
acorn.



WHAT THE WIND SAID

One day the wind blew into a beauti-
ful garden.

It was a warm day in summer.



The sun had been shining brightly.
There had been no rain for days and
days.

So all the blossoms were glad when
they heard the wind.

How cool and sweet it felt!
“Come to me,” called the tall white
lily.

“I love you, dear wind.”

The wind blew to the lily.

“I will tell you some good news,” he said.

“Oo-oo-oo!” he sang.

“Thank you for your glad news,” said Lily.

“What did you tell Lily?” said Rose.

“Tell me, too.”

“I will,” said the wind.

Then he blew over to the rose.

“This is my glad news,” he said.

“Oo-oo-oo!”

“Good! good! good!” said Rose.

“I know what you mean.

“And I am so glad!”

Then the wind blew to the daisy.

“Dear Daisy,” he said, “do you not want to hear my good news?”

“Indeed I do,” said Daisy.

“What is it?”

Again the wind said, “Oo-oo-oo!”

“How glad I am!” said Daisy.

“That is the best news you could bring to the garden.”

The wind blew from flower to flower, telling the glad news.

And all the blossoms swayed with joy.

But all that I could hear was, “Oo-oo-oo!”

Now what do you think the wind said to the sweet blossoms?

I think I know.
And I will tell you.
“Look up! look up!” he said.
“The rain is coming.
“Be glad! be glad! be glad!”



THE ROBIN'S NEST

It was a bright spring morning.

Robin Redbreast flew into the garden.

He looked all around.

He looked up.

He looked down.

"What are you looking for, Robin?" said Rose.

"I am looking for a place to hide my nest," said Robin.

"Hide it under my big leaves," said Lily.

"I will shade your little birds."

"No," said Robin. "That is too near the ground."

“It will not be safe.”

“Would you like to hide it under my flowers?” said Rose.

“I will cover your nest with my sweet blossoms and buds.”

“Thank you, Rose,” said Robin.

“You, too, are near the ground.”

“Fly right up here,” said the old apple tree.

“This big bough is the best place for a robin’s nest.

“My leaves and sweet blossoms will shade you.

“Here you will be safe.”

“Thank you, dear Apple Tree,” said Robin.

“I will hide my nest in your tall branches.

“There I will be safe.”



Robin and his little mate set to work.
Soon the nest was all made, and the
little mate was seen covering the eggs
with her soft breast.

Then how happy Robin was!

He flew to the highest branch of the apple tree and sang a glad song.

“Cheer up! cheer up! and listen to me!
For I sing a song that is full of glee!

“The flowers are fair in the garden—
Rose, lily, and all the rest,
But the fairest thing of all, I think,
Is my own dear little nest.

“Cheer up! cheer up! and listen to me!
For I sing a song that is full of glee!”

THE WOOD FRIENDS

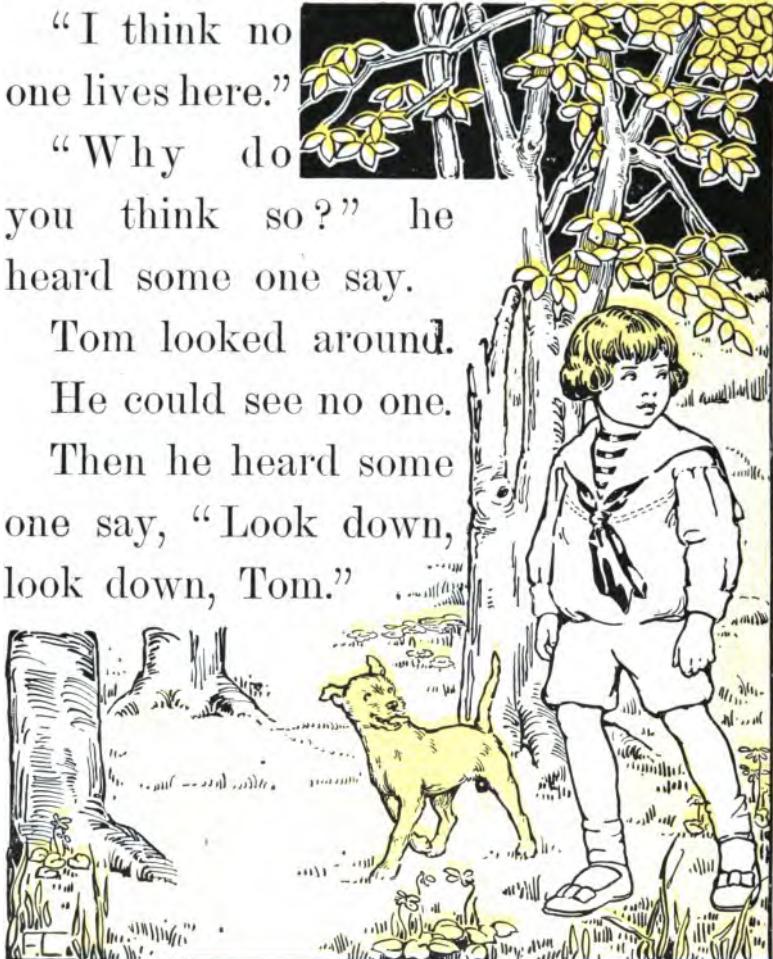
One day little Tom went into the woods.

“What a quiet place!” he said.

"I think no
one lives here."

"Why do
you think so?" he
heard some one say.

Tom looked around.
He could see no one.
Then he heard some
one say, "Look down,
look down, Tom."



Tom looked on the ground.

He saw a little violet.

“Why do you think no one lives here?” asked the violet.

“Because I can see no one,” answered Tom.

“Do you not see me?”, asked the violet.

“I live here and so do many of my friends.”

“Who are your friends?” asked Tom.

“Where are they?”

“Over there is my dear friend, the daisy,” answered the violet.

“Back of you is my friend, the dandelion.



“We are very happy here.”

“Do you live here alone with your flower friends?” asked Tom.

“Oh, no! We have many other friends.

“In the morning the bright sun wakes us.

“‘Wake, little flowers,’ he says. ‘It is day.’

"Then the birds wake and sing to us."

"Where do the birds live?" asked Tom.

"Robin lives in the tall tree over there.

"Bluebird lives in that old oak tree," answered the violet.

"We all love them and their sweet music.

"A dear little squirrel lives in the oak tree, too.

"He is always happy.

"Sometimes he plays in the trees.

"Sometimes he looks for nuts under them."



"But what do you do
at night?" asked Tom.

"Do you like to stay here when the
sun has gone away?"

"Yes," answered the violet.

"This is my home and I love it."



“When the sun has gone, dear mother moon shines down on us.

“The baby stars look down, too.

“Then we close our eyes and go to sleep.”

“That is all very well in the summer,” said Tom.

“But what do you do when summer is over and winter comes?”

The violet answered, “Then the trees are our good friends.



“They cover us with leaves.

“Then the snow comes and covers
us warm.

“We sleep all the cold winter long.

“In the spring we wake from the
long winter sleep.

“So you see we are happy all through
the year.”

“Indeed you are, you dear little
violet,” said Tom.

“I am very glad I saw you.

“Now I must go to my dear home.

“Good-by, dear little wood friend.”

“Good-by, little boy.”

THE HAPPY SQUIRREL

One bright morning in winter, Tom went out to play.

“I think I will go to the woods again,” he said.

“The last time I was there it was summer.



“The flowers were bright.

“The birds were singing.”

So away to the woods he went.

The trees were bare.

He could see the birds' old nests.

The ground was covered with snow.

The flowers were asleep under the white cover.

“How quiet it is,” said Tom.

“I think all the wood friends are asleep.”

As he said this he heard a sound back of him.

“Chip, chip ! Chip, chip !”

“Who can that be ?” said Tom.

He looked around.

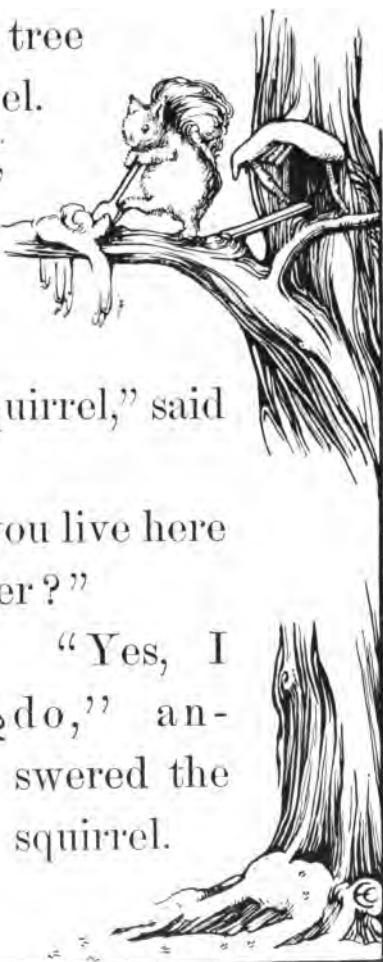
On the bough of a tree
he saw a little squirrel.

"Chip, chip! Chip,
chip!" said the
squirrel again.

"Good morning,
friend squirrel," said
Tom.

"Do you live here
all winter?"

"Yes, I
do," an-
swered the
squirrel.



“Are you not cold ?” asked Tom.

“Cold? Are you cold in your home?”
asked the squirrel.

“No,” answered Tom, “but I have a
warm home.”

“And so have I,” answered the
squirrel.

“I love my little home.

“I stay in it all winter.”



“But, little squirrel, there are no nuts.”

“No, there are no nuts on the ground for me.

“But I was busy last fall.

“I have all the nuts I want.”

“Is that why you are happy, little squirrel ?”

“Yes,” answered the squirrel.

“I am happy because I have many nuts.

“I am happy because I have a warm home.

“But I must run away to my nest, little boy.



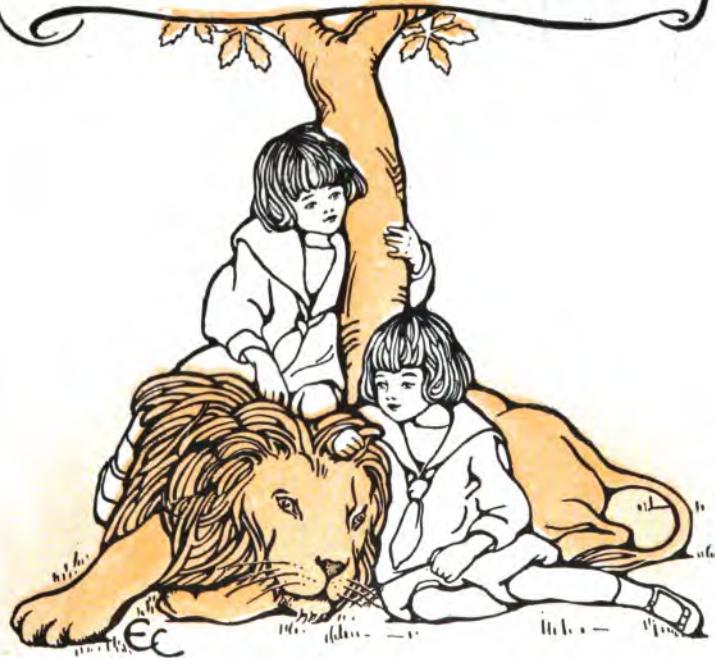
“Come and see me some other day.”

“I will, little squirrel.

“Good-by,” said Tom.

“Good-by, good-by, little boy.”

"THE FRIENDLY BEASTS, OUR BROTHERS"





THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

Once upon a time there lived a camel
and a pig.

They were good friends.

The camel was very tall.

He had a big hump on his back.

He was proud of his big hump.

The pig was very short.

He had a little twisty tail.

He was very proud of his twisty tail.

One day the camel said, “The best
thing in the world is to be tall.

“Just see how tall I am!”

And he looked very tall and very
proud.

“That is not so,” said the pig.

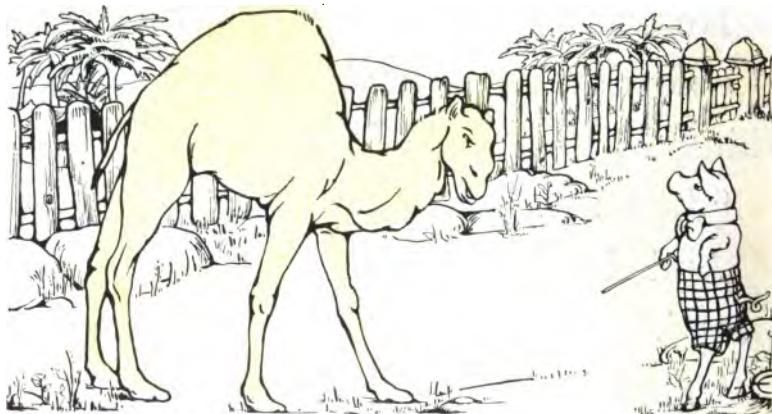
“The best thing in the world is to
be short.

“Just see how short I am!”

And the pig looked just as proud
as the camel.

“Well,” said the camel, “come with
me.

“I will soon prove that it is better
to be tall than short.



“If I do not, I will give you my big hump.”

“Very well,” answered the pig, “I will go with you.

“But I shall soon prove that it is better to be short than tall.

“If I do not, I will give you my little twisty tail.”

“Very well,” said the camel.

“Just so,” answered the pig, and off they went down the road.

Soon they came to a garden.

There was a low wall around it.

The gate was closed.

The camel was so tall he could look over the wall.

He ate all the plants he wanted.
The little pig could not get a bit.
“I have had a good breakfast,” said
the camel.

“You have had none
because you are so
short.

“Now, is it not
better to be tall
than short?”

“Wait,” an-
swered the pig.

“My turn
will come.

“Our walk is
not ended.”



Soon they came to another garden.
This garden had a high wall around it.
There was a very low gate.
The little pig ran in through the
low gate.

But the camel was too tall.
He could not get through the gate.
It was too low.
He could not look over the wall.
It was too high.
The little pig ate and ate.
But this time the camel did not get
a bit.

When the little pig came out, he said,
“Now which is better—to be tall or
to be short?

“I had all the fresh food I wanted.

“You did not get a bit.”

“Well,” said the camel, “sometimes it is better to be tall.

“Sometimes it is better to be short.”

“Just so,” said the pig.

“So I will keep my twisty tail.”

“Do so,” said the camel, “and I will keep my hump.”

And the two friends went home, saying over and over,

“Tall is good, where tall would do,

Of short, again, 'tis also true.”

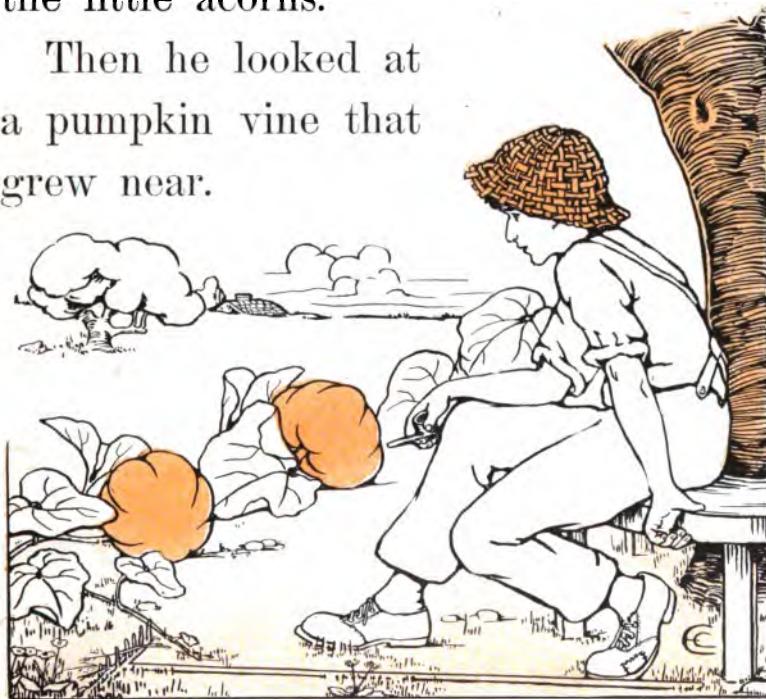
— *Indian Fable.*

THE MAN AND THE ACORN

One day a man sat under a big oak tree.

He looked up into the tree and saw the little acorns.

Then he looked at a pumpkin vine that grew near.



Some big pumpkins were growing on it.

“Just look,” he said.

“That little, tiny vine has big, round pumpkins growing on it.

“This big, strong oak tree has only little, tiny acorns growing on it.

“I think it would be better if big pumpkins grew on big trees, and little acorns on little vines.”

Just as he said this an acorn fell.

It hit him right on the top of his head.

He jumped up.

“My,” he cried, “how glad I am that pumpkins do not grow on trees!”

— *An Old Fable.*

WHAT FRIGHTENED THE ANIMAL

Long, long ago in a dark woods a great oak tree fell to the ground.

It made a great noise.

The noise frightened a little rabbit that lived near.

He rushed quickly away through the woods.

On his way he met a monkey.

“What is the matter, little rabbit?

“Why do you run so fast?” said the monkey.

“Oh, monkey, I just heard a loud noise and I am running away.”



This frightened the monkey.

He turned and ran after the rabbit
as fast as he could go.

Before long they met a deer.

“My friends, why do you run so
fast?” asked the deer.

“Oh, friend deer,” answered the mon-
key, “there was a loud noise back there
in the woods.

“We are frightened and are running
away.”

On hearing this the deer became
frightened, too.

He turned and ran after the rabbit
and the monkey as fast as he could go.

Next they met a great big elephant.

“My friends,” said the elephant, “why do you run so fast?”

“Oh, elephant,” said the deer, “there was a loud noise back there in the woods.

“We are frightened and are running away.”

On hearing this the elephant became frightened, too.

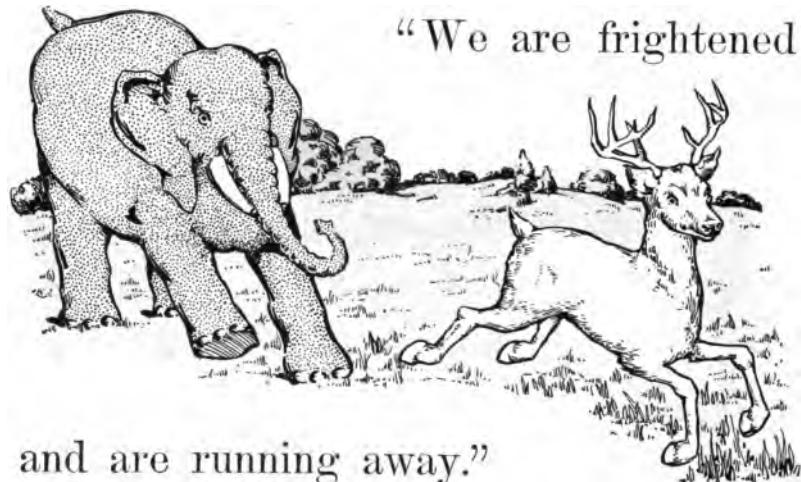
He turned and ran after the rabbit, the monkey, and the deer, as fast as he could go.

After a while they met an old lion.

“My friends,” said the lion, “why do you run so fast?”

“Oh, lion,” said the elephant, “there

was a loud noise back there in the woods.



“We are frightened and are running away.”

“But why do you run away?” asked the lion.

“Are you not all strong in claw and strong in tooth?”

“But it was a very, very loud noise!” they cried.

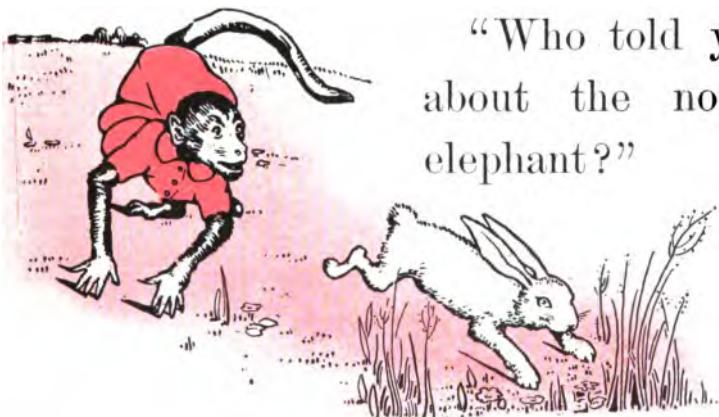
“What made the noise?” asked the lion.

“I do not know,” answered the elephant.

“Then why do you run?” asked the lion.

“Let us find out where the noise came from.

“Who told you about the noise, elephant?”



“The deer told me,” said the elephant.

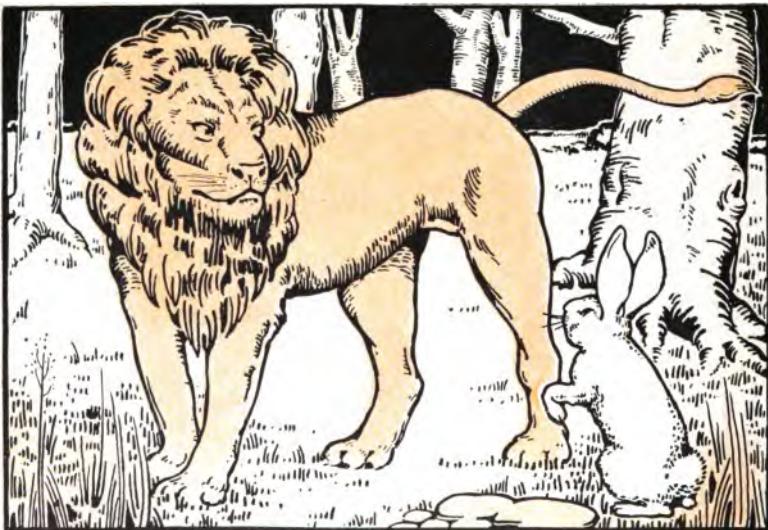
“Who told you, deer?” asked the lion.

“The monkey told me,” answered the deer.

“Oh, monkey, who told you?”

“The rabbit told me.”

“And who told you, little rabbit?”



“Oh, I heard the great noise with my own ears.

“Come, and I will show you the place.”

So the lion, the elephant, the deer, and the monkey all followed the rabbit back into the woods.

Soon they came to the old oak tree.

“This, my friends,” said the rabbit, “is what fell and made the loud noise.”

“Oh, my friends,” said the lion, “this is not a sound to fear.

“Those of a brave heart will never run from a falling tree.”

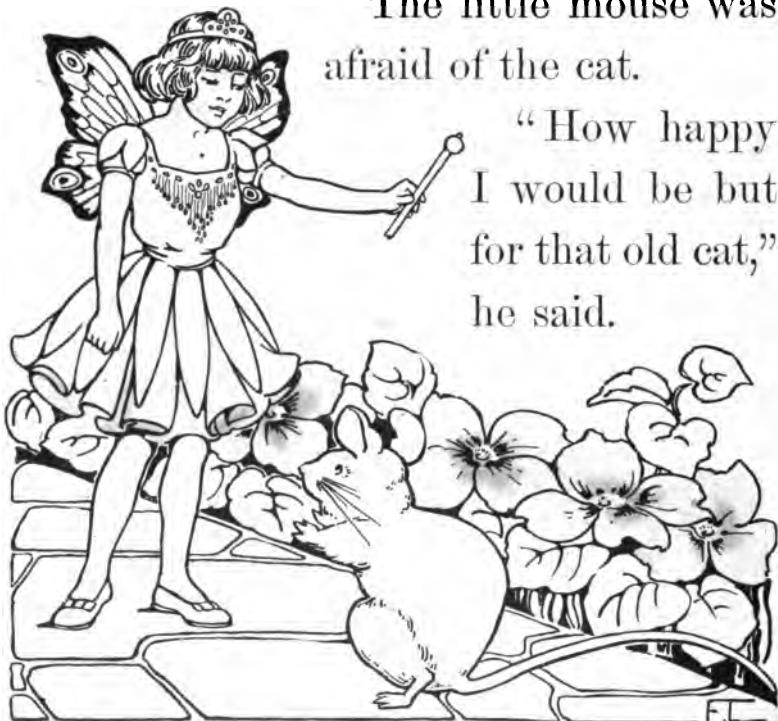
— *Tibetan Tale.*

THE MOUSE WHO WAS AFRAID

Once there was a little gray mouse.
He lived in the same house as an old
gray cat.

The little mouse was
afraid of the cat.

“How happy
I would be but
for that old cat,”
he said.



“I am afraid of her all the time.

“I wish I were a cat.”

A fairy heard the little mouse say
this.

She felt sorry for him.

So she turned him
into a big gray cat.

At first he was
very happy.

But one day a dog
ran after him.

“Oh, dear!” he said, “it is not much
fun to be a cat.

“I am afraid of that dog all the time.

“I wish I were a big dog.”

Again the fairy heard him.



She felt sorry for the old gray cat.
So she turned him into a big dog.
Once more he felt happy.
Then one day he heard a lion roar.
“Oh, just hear that lion!” he cried.
“I am afraid when I hear him.
“It is not so safe to be a dog after all.
“How I wish I were a lion.
“Then I would be afraid of no one.”
Off he ran to the fairy.
“Dear fairy,” he said, “please turn
me into a big, strong lion.”
Again the fairy was sorry for him.
She made him into a big, strong lion.
One day a man tried to kill the lion.
Once more he ran to the fairy.



“What now?” asked the fairy.

“Make me into a man, dear fairy,” he cried.

“Then no one can make me afraid.”

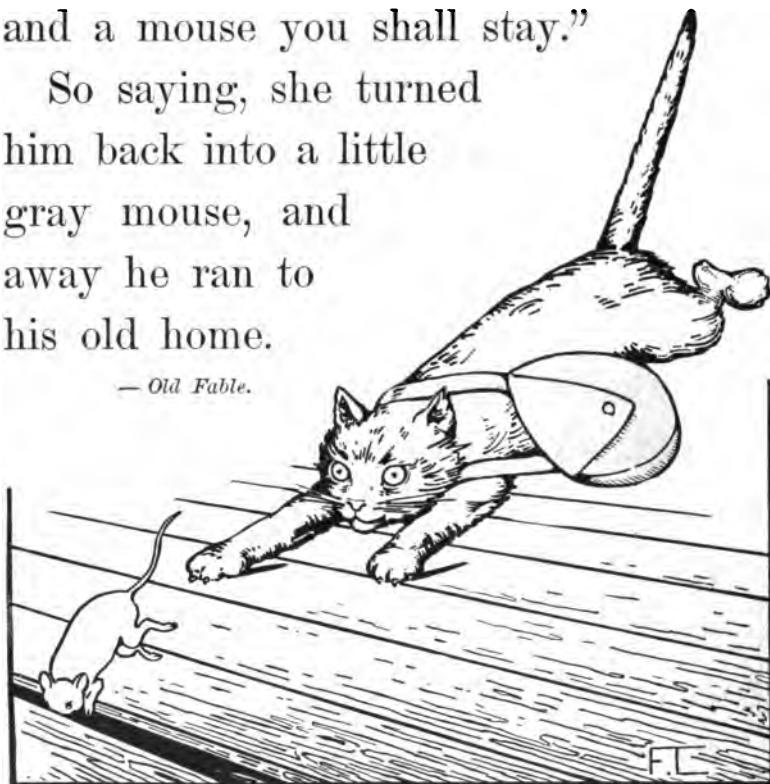
“Make you into a man!” cried the fairy.

“No, indeed, I will not.

“A man must have a brave heart.
“You have only the heart of a mouse.
“So a mouse you shall become again,
and a mouse you shall stay.”

So saying, she turned
him back into a little
gray mouse, and
away he ran to
his old home.

— *Old Fable.*



THE NEW HOME

There were once a ram and a pig
that lived on the same farm.

They were being fattened for killing,
but they did not know this.

So they ate their good food and grew
fat.

One day the farmer came and gave
them some more food.

“Eat all you can to-day,” he said,
“you will not be here long.

“To-morrow we are going to kill
you.”

When the man had gone, the two
friends looked sadly at each other.

“What shall we do?” said the pig.
“I do not want to stay here and be killed.”

“Let us run away and build a home in the woods,” said the ram.

“There is nothing like having a home of your own.”

“How can we?” asked the pig.

“The gate is closed.”



“Follow me,” said the ram, and he ran his horns against the gate and broke it open.

Out rushed the pig and the ram!

Away to the woods they ran.

On their way they met a goose.

“Good day, my good friends,” said the goose.

“Where are you going?”

“Good day to you,” said the ram.

“We are going to the woods to build a house to live in.

“There is nothing like having a home of your own, you know.”

“That is true,” said the goose; “may I go with you?”

“What can you do to help us build our house?” asked the pig.

“I can pick moss and stuff it into the cracks so that the house will be warm.”

“Good,” said the pig; “you may come along.”

After a while they met a little rabbit.

“Good day, my good friends,” said the rabbit.

“Where are you going?”

“Good day to you,” said the ram.

“We are going to the woods to build a house to live in.

“There is nothing like having a home of your own, you know.”

“That is true,” said the rabbit; “may I go with you?”

“What can you do to help us build our house?” said the pig.

“With my teeth I can gnaw pegs, and with my paws I can hammer them into the wall.

“So you see I am a pretty good builder.”

“Indeed you are,” said the pig; “so you may come along.”



Next they met an old cock.

“Good day, my good friends,” said the cock.

“Where are you going?”

“Good day to you,” said the ram.

“We are going to the woods to build
a house to live in.

“There is nothing like having a home
of your own, you know.”

“That is true,” said the cock; “so I
will go with you if I may.”

“What can you do to help us build
our house?” asked the pig.

“I am no builder,” said the cock.

“But it is not well to live in a house
where there is no dog nor cock.

“If you take me, I will rise early in
the morning and call you.”

“Good,” said the pig.

"I always sleep late in the morning.

"If you call us we can get to work early, so you may come along."

Soon they came to the woods and began to build their house.

The pig felled the trees and the ram brought them home.

The rabbit was the builder.

He gnawed pegs and hammered them into the walls.



The goose picked moss and stuffed it into the cracks.

This made the little house warm.

Every morning the cock called them so that they were at work early.

Soon the house was done and they all lived in it.

“Now the farmer cannot kill us,” said the ram.

“Here we are safe and happy.

“There is nothing like having a home of your own, you know.”

“That is true,” cried all the others.

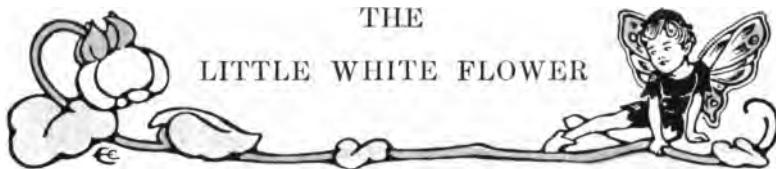
“East or west,
Home is best.”

— *Norwegian Folk Story.*

Leap into Fairyland







Once in a land far away from here
lived a beautiful queen.

She was so kind and good that every
one loved her.

One day every one was talking about
the queen's birthday and the present
each would give her.

"I shall give our good queen a cup
of shining gold," said one.

"For gold is the dearest thing in
the world."

"I shall bring her some golden honey,"
said another.

“For honey is the sweetest thing in the world.”

“I shall give her a golden bird that sings the sweetest songs,” said another.

“For music is the most joyful thing in the world.”



“I shall give her some of my white sheep,” said another.

“Their wool is the finest in the world.”

And so they all talked, every one telling of some wonderful present he had for the queen,—all but little Tom.

He turned away from the others..

“Oh, dear!” he said. “I love the sweet queen better than they do, and I have nothing to give her on her birthday.

“If I only had something to give her to show my love!”

Poor little Tom! He sat down and cried.

All at once he looked up.

“Oh, I know what I can do!” he cried.

“I will take her some of the sweet white flowers that grow in the woods.

“She shall have them with my love,
and I know that love
is the best thing in
the world.”

And with a smiling
face he ran away to
the woods.



But when he came to the woods, not
a white flower could he see.

There was only one little bud.

Tom looked at it.

“If only it would open,” he said, “I
could take that.

“She would love even one dear white
flower.”

“Who would love the white flower?”
asked a sweet voice.

Little Tom looked up.

There stood a beautiful fairy smiling
at him.

“My own dear queen,” answered
Tom.

“To-morrow is her birthday, and I

have nothing to give her."

"I am a queen, too," said the fairy, "the queen of all the fairies, and I will ask them to help you.

"Come here, little wind-fairies!" she called.

Tom heard a soft rushing sound.

Then he saw ever so many tiny fairies.

They bowed low before their queen.

"Wind-fairies," she said, "blow upon this little bud.

"It must be open for the queen's birthday."

Then all the tiny wind-fairies blew upon the little bud.



At first they blew softly, then louder and louder.

But the little bud only drew its leaves closer.

“We cannot open the little bud,” said the wind-fairies, and they blew away.

“Rain-fairies, come here!” cried the fairy queen.

Up rushed some little gray fairies.

They bowed low before their queen.

"Rain-fairies," she said, "open this little bud.

"It must be in blossom for the queen's birthday."



The little rain-fairies sent the rain to the little bud.

At first they sent a few big drops, then more and more.

But the little bud
only drew its leaves
closer.

“We cannot open the
little bud,” said the rain-
fairies, and away they
ran up the rainbow.

“Sunshine-fairies, come here!” cried
the fairy queen.

Then Tom saw some beautiful little
fairies.

They were all shining and golden
like the sun.

They flitted before their queen.

“Sunshine-fairies,” she said, “shine
upon this little bud.”



"It must be open for the queen's birthday."



The little sunshine-fairies began to smile at the little bud.

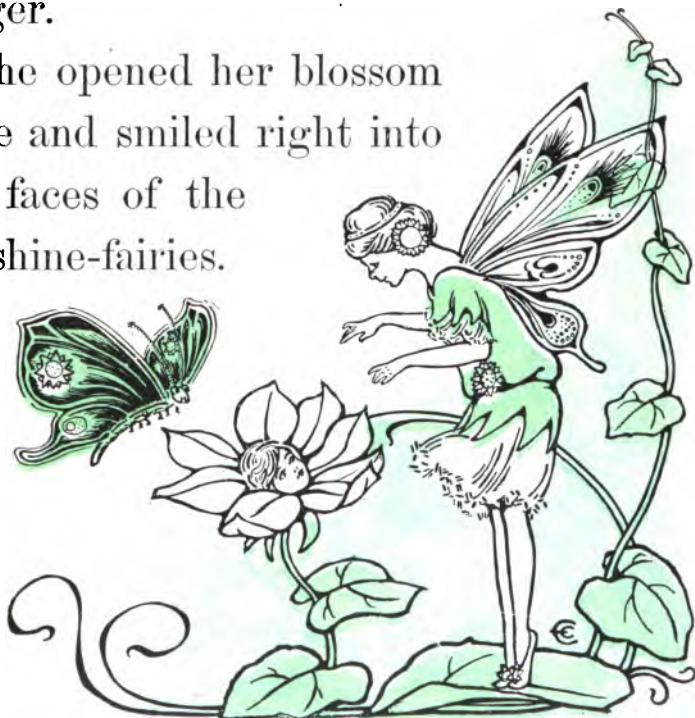
The little bud moved.

The sunshine-fairies smiled more sweetly.

The little bud looked up.
Still the sunshine-fairies shone upon
her.

The little bud could keep closed no
longer.

She opened her blossom
wide and smiled right into
the faces of the
sunshine-fairies.



"There, Tom," said the fairy queen,
"your sweet white flower is open.

"Take it to your dear queen."

Tom thanked the fairies and took
the flower home.

Next day he gave it to the queen.

"O queen," he said, "my gift is
small, but my love is very great."

The queen looked at the sweet





flower, then at little Tom's bright face.

"Dear little Tom," she said, "I love your present most of all.

"For I know that love is the best thing in the world."

The Moss Rose



One night
the queen of
the fairies flew
among the flowers.

It was a very dark night.

The moon and stars were hidden
behind a dark cloud.

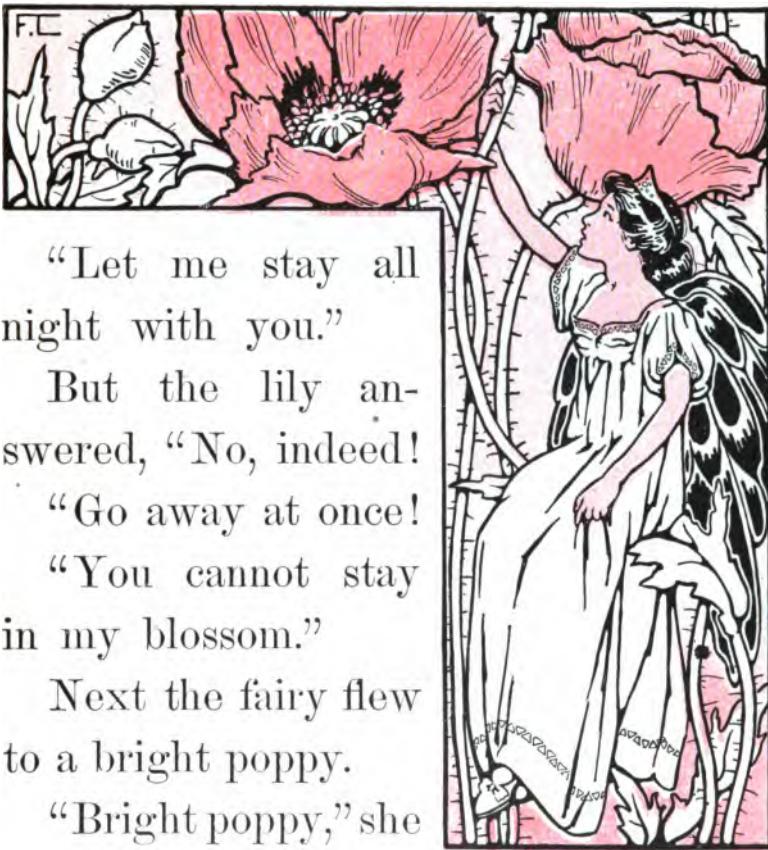
The wind blew and the rain fell.

“I will see which of the flowers are
good and kind,” said the fairy.

So she flew to a tall lily.

“Dear lily,” she said, “please open
your blossom and let me creep in.

“I am cold and wet.



"Let me stay all
night with you."

But the lily an-
swered, "No, indeed!

"Go away at once!"

"You cannot stay
in my blossom."

Next the fairy flew
to a bright poppy.

"Bright poppy," she
said, "please open your blossom and let
me creep in. I am cold and wet."

“Let me stay all night with you.”
But the poppy looked down proudly.
“Let you sleep in my blossom!



She went from flower to flower, but
none would take her in.

At last she thought, “How very
unkind the flowers are!

“Not one will let me in out of the rain.
“I will go back to fairyland.”
Just then she heard a little voice say,
“You poor little thing, where are you
going?”





She looked down and saw it was some soft green moss that was talking.

"I am looking for some place to stay all night," she said.

"I am so tired and cold and wet!"

"Poor little thing!" said the moss again.

“You might rest all night on me.

“I am soft, but I cannot hide you from the rain.”

“I can,” said a voice above their heads.

The fairy looked up into the face of a sweet pink rose.

“Creep into my heart,” said the rose.

“I will keep you safe and warm all night long.”

The tired little fairy crept into the



rose's heart and slept sweetly all night.
In the morning she flew out.

"Dear moss and sweet rose," she said, "you have been so kind to me, I would like to do something for you."

"You may make a wish and I will see that it comes true."

The moss and the rose thought for a while.

Then the rose said, "Dear fairy, the moss and I love each other dearly."

"We never wish to part."

"Please let us always live close to one another."

"You shall have your wish," said the fairy.

She kissed the moss.
Then she kissed the rose.
At once soft, green moss grew around
the pink rose.
It became the most beautiful rose
in the garden.
And so we got our first moss rose.
If you will look at one, you will see
how the moss rose-bud is covered with
soft, green moss to this very day.





One night a poor man was on his way home from work when he met a beautiful lady.

The lady was a fairy, but the man did not know this.

"Good evening," she said.

The man bowed and answered, "Good evening, my lady."

"Why are you out so late?" she asked.

"I am just going home from my work," said the man.

“I have been cutting wood all day and I am very tired.

“I have to work from early morning till late at night to make a little money.

“No one has to work so hard for so little money as I.”

“That is too bad,” said the lady.

“Would you like other work with more money?”

“Indeed I would,” said the man.

“Or would you rather have money without working for it?” asked the lady.

“To be sure I would!” cried the man.

The lady looked at the little pail in which he carried his dinner to the woods.

“If I were to fill your pail with gold,

would you be happy?"

"Happy!" cried the man, "I cannot tell you how happy I would be!"

"Or do you think you would want something more?" asked the lady.

"I am sure I would be happy.

"I would want no more," answered the man.

"Look in your pail," said the fairy.

The man took off the cover.

It was full of bright, shining gold.

“Oh, thank you! thank you, dear fairy,” he cried.

For now he knew she must be a fairy.

Then he thought, “This is such a very little pail!

“It does not hold much money.

“This will soon be all gone.

“I wish I had a big pail here.”

“Of what are you thinking?” asked the fairy.

“I was thinking that this is a very little pail.

“I should like to run home and get a big pail,” answered the man.

"As you wish," said the fairy.

Away he ran to his home as fast as he could go.

Soon he came back with a very big pail. But when he looked for the fairy, she was gone.

"Anyway, I have my dinner pail full of gold," he said.

He looked in his dinner pail, which he had left with the fairy.

There was no gold there.

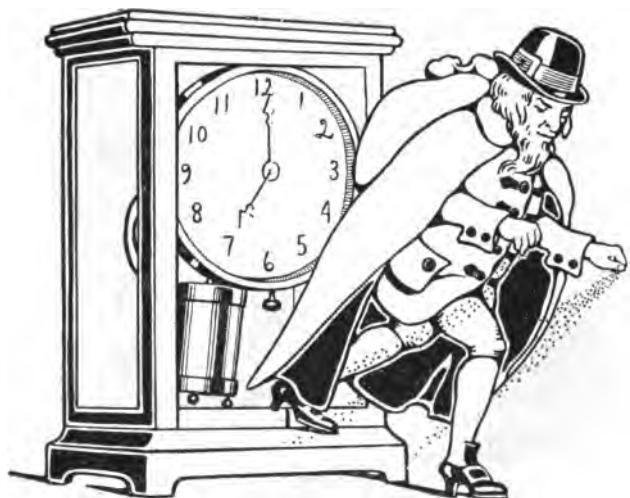
By wanting too much, he had lost all



the gold the fairy had given him and
was as poor as before he met her.

— *Breton Folk Story.*





THE SANDMAN

“Come, Tom and Ned,” said mother,
“it is time to go to bed.

“The sandman will be coming along
soon.”

“Oh, mother, please let us stay up a
little longer,” said Ned.

“I am not a bit sleepy.”

“I don’t believe there is any sandman,” said Tom.

“I never saw him.”

“Why, children, children!” cried mother.

“How you do talk!

“No sandman! You never saw him!

“Why, of course you never did.

“No one ever sees the sandman.

“But he comes to you every night, just the same.

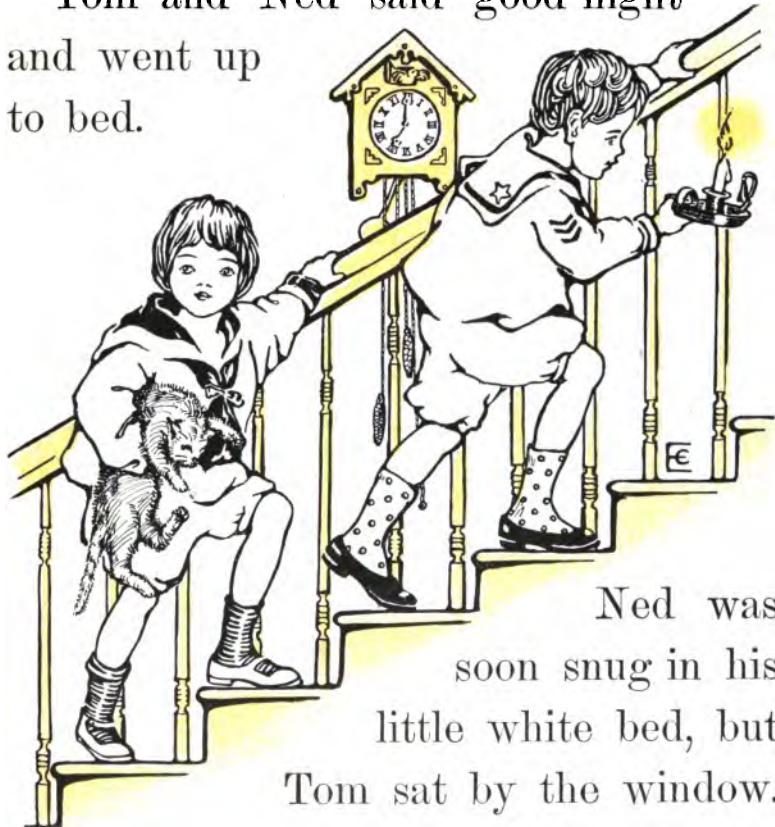
“And you feel his sand in your eyes.

“Then your little eyes close, slowly, slowly, slowly, and soon you are fast asleep.

“Come, say ‘good-night’ and run to

bed, or he will catch you on the way."

Tom and Ned said good-night and went up to bed.

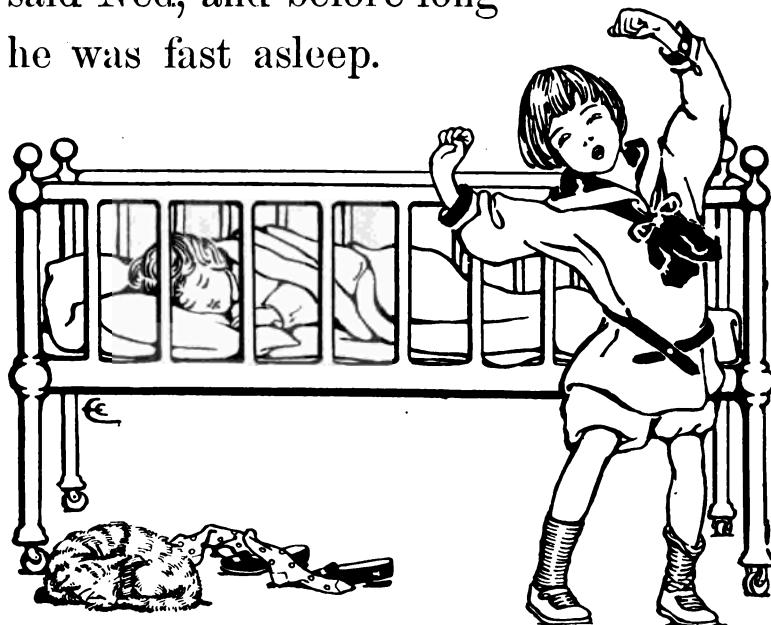


Ned was soon snug in his little white bed, but Tom sat by the window.

“Why don’t you get into bed, Tom?” asked Ned.

“I am going to sit up and wait for the sandman,” answered Tom.

“Well, good-night, I am sleepy now,” said Ned, and before long he was fast asleep.



How quiet it was!

Tom listened, but not a sound could he hear but the old clock.

“Tick, tock; eyes lock!” it seemed to say.

The little boy rested his head on the back of his chair and looked out the window.

The moon was shining brightly and the flowers in the garden swayed softly.

“Tick, tock; eyes lock!” said the old clock over and over.

Tom’s eyes were beginning to lock fast in sleep, when he saw something flitting in the garden.

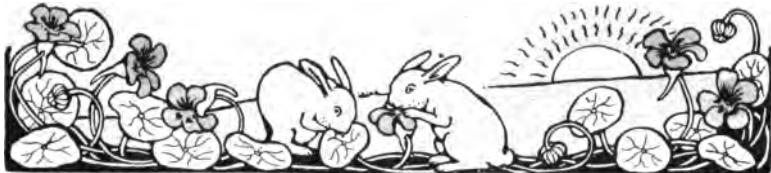
He looked closely and saw that it



was an old,
old, old, old man.

There seemed to be a bright light
around him, so Tom could see him very
well.

He wore a long gray cloak and a
funny gray hat.



His hair was very long and very white.

His face was beautiful; it was so kind and quiet.

It made Tom feel rested just to look at it.

On his back the old man had a big bag.

From time to time he took a handful of something from this bag and threw it over the flowers.



In the moonlight it looked like fine,
golden sand.

As the old man passed, the flowers
stopped swaying and were still.

“Why, it is the sandman!” said Tom,
softly.

“And he is putting the flowers to
sleep.

“I never knew be-
fore that he did that.”

Just then the sand-
man came walking to
Tom’s window,—walking right through
the air.

In through the window he came and
looked down at Tom.





His face was kind and smiling, but Tom was afraid.

The sandman put out his hands and took the little boy up in his arms.

"Why are you not in bed?" he asked in a soft voice.

"I waited up to see you," said Tom.

“I do not like children to sit up late,” said the sandman.

“And I do not like to have them see me.

“That is why I throw sand in their eyes.

“Did you not know this?”

“Oh, yes,” answered Tom, “mother told me.”

“Then,” said the sandman, and he smiled no longer, “you have not minded your mother, and you have not pleased me.

“I must take you away to Poppyland.

“Come, we must go at once.”

“Oh, no! no!” cried Tom.

“Please do not
take me away!

“Please, please,
let me stay with
mother.

“I will never
wait for you again.

“I will be good!
I will be good!

“O please let me go!”

And he threw his arms around the
sandman's neck.

“Wake up, my boy, wake up!” said
a voice.

“You are having a pretty bad dream.

“Wake up, I say.”



It was his father's voice.

Tom opened his eyes ; he was in his father's arms.

"Oh, I am so glad it is you, father !" he cried.

"I thought you were the sandman taking me away to Poppyland !"

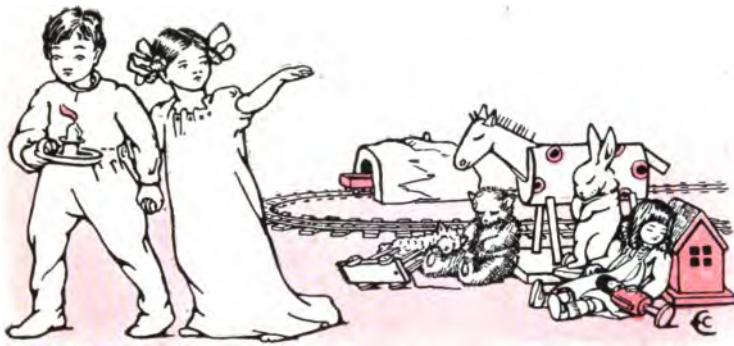
"Well, you see it is father taking you to bed, my boy.

"After this go to bed at once and do not sleep by the window.

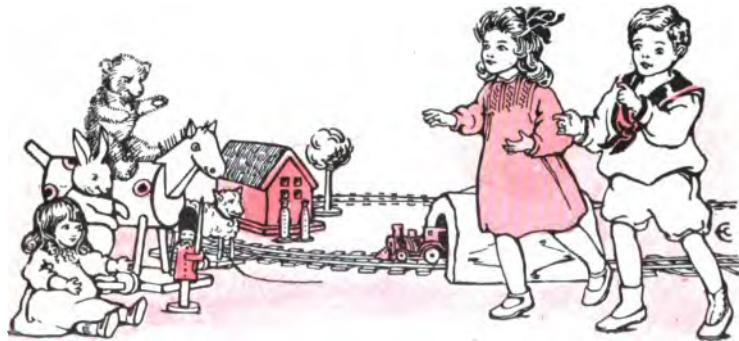
"Then you will have good dreams about the sandman."

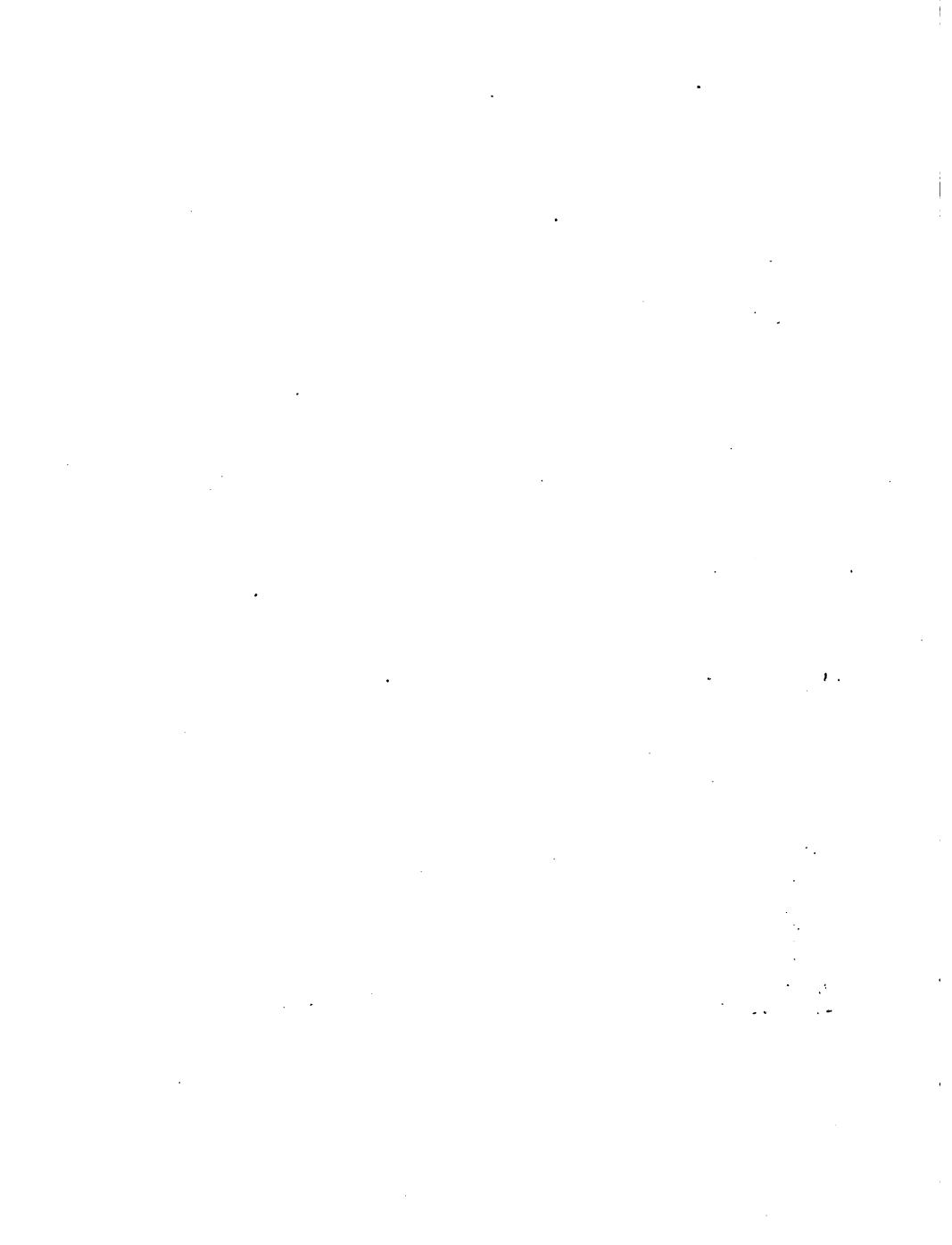
And Tom said he would.

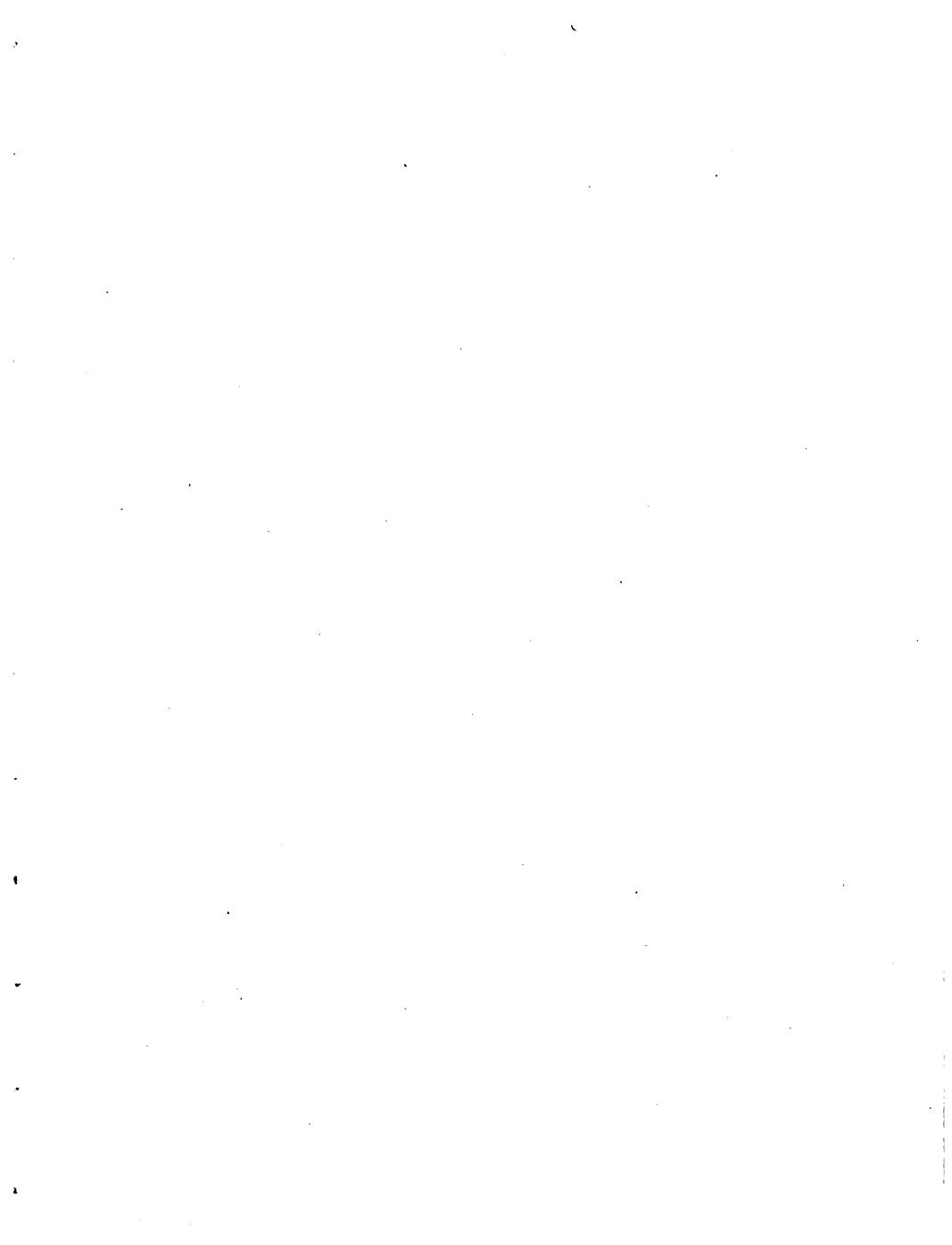


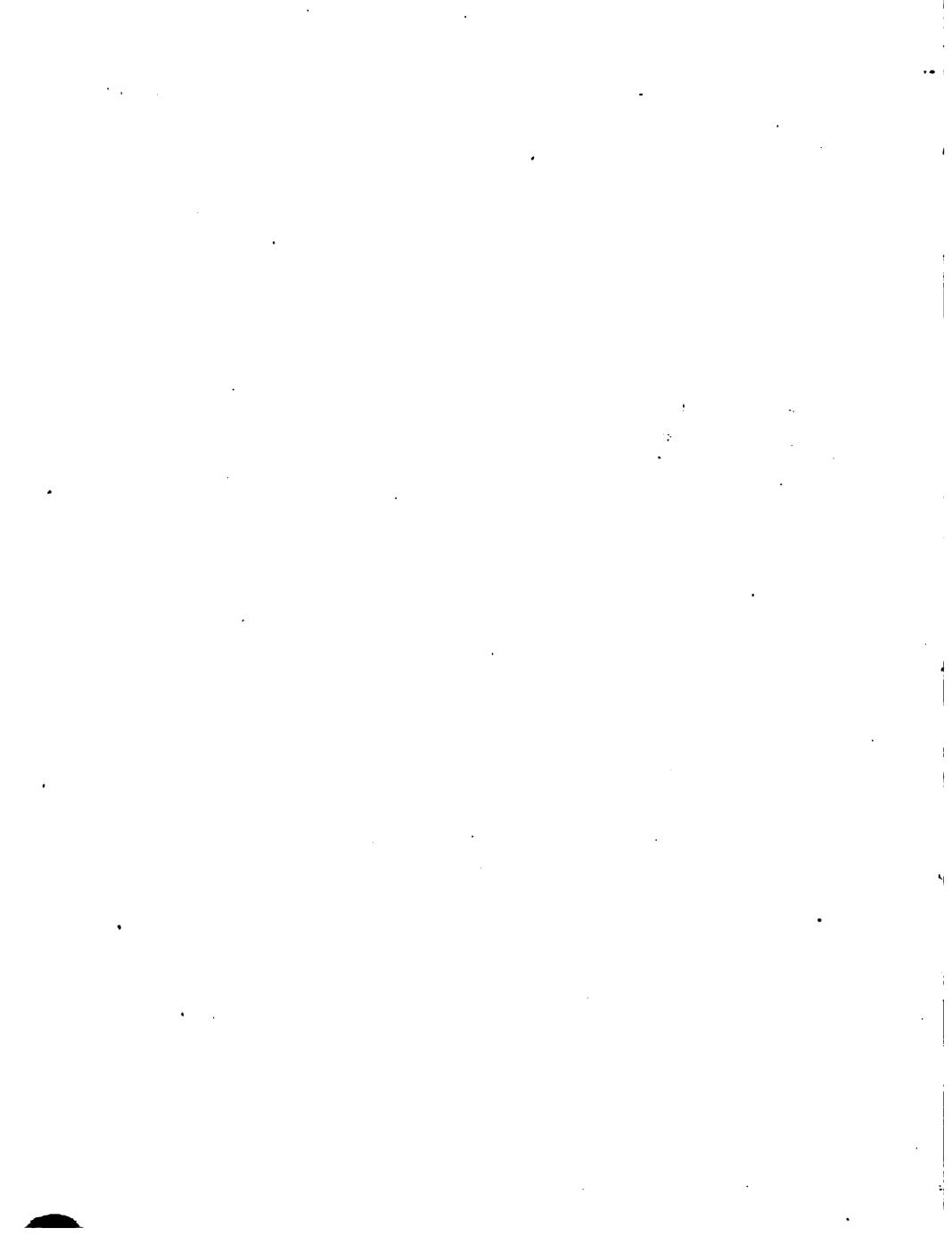


“Good-night, little friends, good-night.
Sleep sweet till morning light,
And wake to meet the coming day
With love and laughter and with play.”









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